CONCERNING LONG LIFE. Conditions Which Lead to the Attainment

of Advanced Age. Farmers, as usual, make a large proportion, 45 per cent., of our list. Out of 1,000 old men in this country, noted by Dr. C. M. Hammond, 461 were farmers, and "nearly all began life upon the farm." As three-fourths of our population and fully half our workers are on into that other field? He don't see why farms this proportion is not as large as that fence is there-he can't see why. But it appears on the surface and indicates he wants to get on the 'tother side of itthat the chance of old age is really no the foolish critter! The field he's in now greater on the farm than anywhere else. Out of the fifty-nine French centenarians whose occupations were known twentytwo were farmers and eight land-owners, so that in France, while a larger proportion than here sprang from the land, | the truth; are you satisfied with your life the proportion is still one-third less low?" than the three-fourths of the total in- Rose flushed a little but answered: "No, habitants, which the land bears in thave often been very lonely." France. The most distinguished of French centenarians, M. Chevreuil, who | pathetically, his big hand seeking hers, and died last year at one hundred and three, had lived in Paris all his life. The Rose, "I am praised and flattered and adworld over the chance both of death and of birth seems less in the modern suppose I've either got used to it or somecity than in the country. In other thing-but now it don't seem to please me words both the birth rate and the death | as it used to do." rate are less in cities.

Special habits have little or nothing to do with long life, and it will be found as our list of old men grows that a fair proportion use spirits and tobacco. think the reason that I am not happy is be-Early hours are the rule and a dinner in the middle of the day, as well as offspring, but these are so universal in the head, "you don't. It's a dull thing to say, class from which old men and women child, but you want something old. Old as come that it is not easy to draw conclu- those hills yonder, and as strong! Oh! sions. The very careful medical inquiry made by Prof. Humphrey showed that a little over the average height and weight-for men 514 feet 814 inches to use the heart that's in ye-" and 138 pounds, and for women 5 feet 3 facts as have been gathered to support it.

But the encouraging lesson in all such facts and figures is the proof they offer that the average of human life is lengthening and the years of health, activity and comfor increasing. Old men and once were. In England, from 1838-54 to 1881-82, the death rate dropped from 22.5 per 1,000 to 19.5, and this stands for an average addition of two years to the months to the lives of women. In this this means that at the end of thirty dence. "Ye will try?" he said. years 4,000,600 more people, or a state as large as Pennsylvania, will be alive, who under the earlier death rate rate in London was once 40 per 1,000; it | ye. Ah me!" sighing with deep joy, "how | kneit down by the dripping form and wept is now 16, 15, and even 13. The death happy I be?" rate here is far higher-22.5. This enormous addition has changed life after sixty or sevety from the "lean and she cried. slippered pantaloon" of Shakespeare to which life is enjoyed to the utmost. If be happy once more." the question is often asked what civilization has really done to increase hu- bling lips. man happiness, we can unhesitatingly point to the green old age which we chronicle this morning-every man and woman proof of an advance we all share

SHOES OF MONARCHS.

Foot-Gear Worn by Mary, Queen Scots, Elizabeth and Henry VIII. Mary Queen of Scotland's last shoes, taken from her feet after execution, are dainty little affairs of stamped leather, and made from a very peculiar pattern. The heel is very low. A narrow piece of leather reaches high up on the instep, covered with strange devices. The shoe is very small and beautifully made. When Ristori first essayed the part of Mary, she had a pair of shoes made exactly like these, but she found it so difficult to keep them on her feet,

ent by actresses in that part. Henry VIII. wore in battle a shoe of heavy crimson velvet, fastened with a huge silver buckle. The sole is entirely of iron, and it has hinges at the joints, so that the saying concerning this King, that he trampled his subjects | to the hotel and you will find me." under an iron heel, is not altogether figurative. It was one of the late comedian Bishop's ambitions to at some time have produced the play of Henry VIII.. and he had gone so far as to procure a part of a costume. Among other things, he had some shoes made which were exactly like those in the Regent street

collection of London last summer. Queen Elizabeth left some very dainty slippers, made of white satin, with birds and flowers embroidered upon them in silk and gold. The heel is covered with satin, and the shoe is lined with red. Joseph F. Graham, of New York, has in more than three hundred years ago. The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. It is a No. 1 in length. but rather too broad to be considered shapely at the present time. It is made of vellow brocaded satin, lined with fine, stout linen canvas. The sole is of oak-tanned leather. The heel is exactand is at least two inches high. The toe runs to a sharp point. Across the instep are two satin straps which evidently were once fastened with jeweled me. with yellow silk braid.-Shoe and water, sir?" Leather Review.

Travel in Old Times. Recent chronicles of rapid transit by our magnificent ocean steamers are in wonderful contrast to what is related of a Major Langbourn, aid-de-camp to the Marquis de la Fayette, who had for his amusement, being an American gentleman of fortune, traveled on foot through his available accouterments had a pocket | beard, Rose-see!" compass, a hatchet, a pair of pistols, a "Yes," answered Rose, faintly; "I should trusted in blindly through all her folly and It is what we are that affects those about sword, and one shirt in his bag with have known him." sword, and one shirt in his bag with It seemed a long time before the boat was her husband still! A sense of awe, of preached than that of happiness. ton Post.

From County Register UNCLE AARON; down, and then how the crowd surged her deserts "I never can atome to ashore! "Careful there!" called out one of the officials, "not so many at a time." I will try."

A WIFE REDEEMED.

Folly and a Man's Heroism. BY MRS. ISOBEL H. FLOYD.

[Copyright, 1889.]

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED. Rose glanced up at him, shivered a little, and he went on nervously punching holes in the soft green moss. "See that calf down there trying to poke its nose through has better fodder in to't, but he sees other critters a feeding over there and thinks they're havin' a better time than he is. Human critters are very like him," went on Uncle Aaron, half smiling; "never satisfied-never satisfied! Now, child-tell me

"My poor child," said Uncle Aaron, sympatting it gently. "Go on, tell me of it." "I-I don't know what to tell," stammered mired, and at first it was delightful, but I

"Yes," assented Uncle Aaron, "ye are too good a woman to be happy away from yer

"I don't think that's it," said Rose, raising her eyes at last and looking at him; "I cause I want something new."

"No," said Uncle Aaron, shaking his that I was a scollard, and had the words in my head for ye. Ye want to give more of yerself away and then ye'll feel rich. Some things grow by being used. Ye want

"Stop!" cried Rose, strangely stirred. inches and 129 pounds-was most favor- "There's no heart in me. I'm not like you. able to long life. It is a familiar med- I've lived in the cities. I'm old and hard ical dictum that a man is "as old as his You judge me by yourself. You are wrong," arteries," but there is little in such rising quickly to herfeet and walking a few

steps away. "Child," said Uncle Aaron, following her, and placing two hands upon her shoulders, "give, and ye will be blessed!"

Her beautiful eyes flashed back sudden comprehension of his thought, and she felt for the moment uplifted-inspired-willing women are far more common than they to do what he wished, but in another moment the reaction came, and she whispered faintly: "I would -but I have nothing a shout as went up from human throats! to give." Then Uncle Aaron smiled such a sweet

smile of strong faith in her that she felt as that blind, instinctive brotherhood of man lives of men and three years and four if an arm of strength had suddenly been over the saving of a life. But was he saved! put about her. That smile said more than The encering ceased, the crowd grew still; country; which shares this advance, words could of sure hope and loving confi- first with doubt and then with awe-struck "Yes," very slowly and very humbly,

"but I am afraid. And besides, I am so was slowly lifted out. tired, so very tired! I want some one-some would have been dead. In Sweden, sobs, "some one like you to comfort me." where a longer comparison is possible, The light of love upon Uncle Aaron's face | night -"not dead?" the death rate in 1770-90 was 28.5 per deepened. "There, there, child! I'll never

> Rose raised her head up from the grass, whereon she had thrown herself in her abandonment, and looked at him. "Happy!"

"Yes," he answered, smiling down at hale, vigorous and hearty years, in her, "for I know that ye and my boy will he would say, if they could but understand, "But perhaps-" began Rose, with trem-

"Come," said Uncle Aaron, picking up his hat and holding out his hand. "Come!" They walked along hand in hand for some distance, and through Rose's mind the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven. in a larger or less degree.—Philadelphis Our Father which art in Heaven," kept repeating themselves over continually. For a few dazed moments she felt as if it was He who had her by the hand. Then glancing up and seeing Uncle Aaron's great, but very human form, a trembling realization of what she had agreed to do came over her. 'I'm afraid," she whispered.

Uncle Aaron grasped her hand still tighter and answered: "Ye need not be, child. Jacob has loved ye all this time." Very humbly the beautiful head dropped again and a penitence that was complete

filled her soul. They finally came into the town, and Rose said, gently: "Will you come to the Mansion House and wait for me?"

"No," said Uncle Aaron; "I have to do something for Matthew, ye know. I'll 'tend to that first, and send him word that on account of the low heel, that she had I am going to New York to see Jacob. the pattern changed slightly, thereby He'd be a wonderin,' ye see, if I didn't creating the style that is worn at pres- come back."

This small but practical detail again made Rose realize what a change was coming to her life, and she trembled again. "I forget every thing but my own miserable self," she said, humbly. "I will see my manager and resign my position, get my things together, and whenever you are ready come "Very well," said Uncle Aaron. "I will

come by noon for ye, child." He went his way and she went hers. About twelve o'clock he called for her, and they took the small boat across the river to Rhinebeck, where the steamer awaited them. Here Uncle Aaron sent a telegram to Jacob: "Rose and I are coming to you; meet us in the city."

CHAPTER VII.

The clerk in the small office looked in wonder at the old man who asked him to pen the message for him, saying, simply: "I can not write, will ye send it to him?" They had about two hours to wait before the boat would start, and this same clerk his possession a shoe and a sandal in about an hour's time came out of his which were worn by Queen Elizabeth office briskly hunting around with considerable excitement for Uncle Aaron. said, handing it to him.

"Read it, Rose," said Uncle Aaron. "I can make out print, but not letter writing." Rose took it, looking very white, but one glance, after she had unfolded it, was enough. She gave a low cry and burst into tears. This astonished the brisk clerk ly like the high French heel of modern | very much, who, knowing what was in the times. It is placed well under the foot | telegram, didn't see any thing in it to cry about. He stood wondering at her, until Uncle Aaron, taking the crumpled paper

"It says," said the clerk, in a business clasps. There is no stiffening in any like way: 'Thank God; will meet you part of the shoe. The edges are bound | without fail.' Shall I get the lady a glass of | girlie! Oh, my Alice! Mine! mine!"

"No, thank ye," answered Uncle Aaron, putting his arm into that of Rose, and leading her down the slope towards the boat; "much obliged to ye."

"Queer old Dick," mused the brisk clerk, looking after them. "I suppose she's his dear." daughter. She'd be good looking if she didn't cry so." Then, being a practical young man, he dismissed them at once Alice went on, gently relating bit by bit from his mind and went back to his work. Great Britain, Lapland and Russia, and | complished in the usual time, and finally | yes, down to the smallest detail, but that did intended continuing his travels in the the New York wharf was reached. Rose not help her hunger, did not relieve the same way through Germany, Italy and and Uncle Aaron made part of the crowd gnawing remorse that she felt, nor kill the

Turkey, and returning to England to that leaned over the railing nearest the jealous sense at her heart, that there would take his passage to America, which he dock. Eagerly Uncle Aaron glanced into always be a part of her child's life in which imagined would occupy him ten years to the faces below him and finally caught sight she had no share. Still, this breaking down accomplish! He is said to have met with accomplish! He is said to have met with accomplish! He is said to have met with many hardships and had escaped from many perils of which he did not like to dock and all from her sight. But this ginning of an earnest love.

There lives now at No. — Fifth avenue a gether. Alice feit a warm glow of feeling towards her mother that was the first bedock and all from her sight. But this ginning of an earnest love. speak. He was accompanied by a faithful traveling companion—a dog—and for
ful traveling companion—a dog—and for

made fast and the broad gang-plank put reverence came over her, as of one spared

the officials, "not so many at a time."

Uncle Aaron let Rose go first, and Jacob sprang up a foot or two along the plank to meet her. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms, blind to every thing A Pathetic Story of a Weman's save the one stupendous fact that she had come back to him. Uncle Aaron, a few feet up the board, stopped still, gazing at them, his great heart beating with joy.

"Come, come, get along you, can't you?" said some one behind him, and then-per haps it was because he was blinded by his happy tears or because the careless crowd jostled too roughly-but Uncle Aaron's foot lipped from the gang-plank, he struggled lost his balance, and fell into the water. Instantly a shout went up "man overboard," with a ring of fear in it that filled every heart. Rose, unclasped a second before by Jacob, had seen him fall. "Save him! Oh, for the love of God, save him!" she shricked, springing to the edge. "Will no one save

Jacob had thrown off his coat and was about to jump in, when strong arms held him back, saying: "That is folly; they are throwing him a rope-see?" "Let-mego-" struggling and biting in his agony. He was a giant. He burst from his captors and leaped overboard. Rose, like a piece of marble, in strained torture, bent over look ing at them. Jacob caught his father and tried to hold him up. Whether it was his great size and weight, or whether it was Uncle Aaron's unselfish impulse to help himself was not known-but he slipped and



MAN OVERBOARD!" again sank. Jacob immediately dived. By this time a small boat had been let down. Jacob came up again, his father in his hold. He struggled, fought out towards the boat, reached it, held on to it with one hand and took a moment's breath. Two men in the boat eagerly hauled him in. And then such Men roared buzzaed, shook hands with each other, strangers kissed each other-such is up to the dock and the form of Uncle Aaron

"Oh-h! not dead!" cried out a woman's one-" bursting out suddenly into great voice with a lone wail in it like the cold, shivering sigh of the wind on the winter's The crowd trembled 1,000; in 1880-5 it was 17.5. The death leave ye again; ye shall have me to comfort | thy and then stared as a beautiful woman | do not wonder that he can't forgive me."

> best! Noblest and best! If it were not for me you might yet have been alive! Oh! it is not right! It is not right!" On the grand old face, now so white and still, lingered yet an expression of joy as if

that all was right with him. Jacob stood at his feet, faint with a tumult of feeling within him. "Poor thing!" said a man in the crowd, wiping away a tear; "it was her father, I

suppose." "No," murmured Jacob, faintly; "he was mine."

CHAPTER VIIL

Just how Jacob and Rose got Uncle Aaron home-just how Jacob explained the homecoming of the new mistress and long-absent mother to his household and to Alice, he could not have told if he had been asked a month later.

And as for Rose, for days the only real thing in the world to her was a pictured nemory of a few strange faces in a beautiful room, and a minister in white robes saving: "I am the resurrection and the ife," and lying in calm and peaceful grandeur the form of Uncle Aaron. Always, always she saw only him, and on his face that glad and triumphant smile of exultant love! In the confused days that followed she

spoke and eat and slept, but did so as one in a dream or as one with a vail over the face shrouded.

There came at last a day when the dream was ended, and she aweke, when the vail was torn aside, and her eyes beheld. She was sitting in the front bed room of her home, around her the many beautiful things that money and culture brings, when suddenly she saw, as for the first time, her daughter Alice. A fair-haired girl, with her own features, but more lovely because of a curious likeness to Uncle Aaron in the pink and white face. She dropped the book she held in her hands and gazed at her child. Her child! Was this lovely girl hers? And the years that had passed to bring her to this state of loveliness-what did she know of them! What part had she in her child's life, in her girlish hopes and fears? And now, here she was, sweet and gentle, just trembling on the edge of What do I know of her! Is she my child?" mused Rose. A strong, jealous feeling of true motherhood swept over her. "She is mine! And who are these people that have had the care of her till now?"

She half arose in her seat, and Ahce, turn ing around, said, gently: "Is-is there any thing you want, mother?" How the word thrilled her! Going to

Alice, she put her arms about her and said, "Ah! here you are. Here's an answer," he | quickly: "Tell me of yourself, dear-tell me of yourself-all you can remember!" Surprised and startled to see the strange and handsome lady whom she had been told was her mother, but for whom until now she had felt only a deep curiosity, Alice answered abruptly: "Tell you of myself? What a strange thing to ask, mother."

"Yes, yes," answered Rose, with a seb, it is strange! I know that! Unnatural and wrong that I need to ask at all-that I do not know all about you from your first from her fingers, said to him: "Read it to pair of shoes up to now. But I don't; and bh! I never, never can know!"-breaking down and sobbing convulsively-"I never can know! Oh, my baby! Oh, my little kissing the startled girl on cheeks and lips and hair, hungrily stroking even her dress;

"you are mine!" "There, there, mother," said Alice, tremblingly, the tears in her eyes; "do not cry. I will tell you all I can. I will, mother

But alas! the best that tender kindness can do can not bring back the past! As parts of her innocent life the mother The sail down the Hudson river was ac- groaned aloud. She might know the facts.

tender, the man that now she felt she had for it.

I will try." Humbly and gently, earnestly and untiringly, she strove from day to day to fulfill her duties as a wife, to minister to his comfort and happiness in every way. In so doing she grew more and more to love the generous nature that never spoke a word of recrimination, and that always showed appreciation of her smallest effort. She grew to love her husband with a hungry and despairing love-for she saw no hope ahead. Although always gentle and kind, there was ever a gentle reserve and reticence that seemed to say: "Thus far shalt then come, and no farther. And she could not blame him! She dared

not. He was now giving her far beyond what she had any right to expect. One evening, some months after Uncle

did not fret inwardly-only felt glad and

thankful that she could be near him, humble

and devoted.

Aaron's death, Rose and Jacob were together in the library - Jacob's favorite dress of some soft and clinging silk, sat, herself, of Jacob and of Uncle Aaron. It was one of her quiet times when she

And Jacob! So true it is that love is blind! Why, he had always loved his wife, and only her; but now that she had come back to him, penitent and, oh! so gentle, he could ask nothing of her, he could exact nothing from her. That she loved him he never dreamed and in his manit generosity Americans. he would not demand any thing. All her ceaseless care and vigilant watching for his tastes and wishes he took to be but penient gratitude, and not for one instant could he have taken advantage of that. Therefore he was reserved: therefore he was reticent. He feared to be otherwise, for still in his heart, unchanged by time or trial, was the one strong love of his life. He felt that if he let go the leash he could not trust him-

sat there, graceful and womanly, unconscious of his gaze, and he thought: "How I love her. How every tiny move of her sweet mouth I love. How I long to touch the silvery gold of her hair." And then, man-like, he said and did the exact opposite of what he felt. "Did you go to Goupil's to-

I did; but that painting by Kratzer was

Then with the fatal blindness of we poor mortals when we should see, she saw nothing, but relapsed into a vague and dreamy reverie of life and love. And life and love were right there within her grasp, and she knew it not.

Jacob sat, and looked and looked. Growing restless at last, he arose and walked up and down. Rose was accustomed to this, and did not move. Then Jacob stopped his tramp, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, stood-a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"Rose," he said. "Yes, Jacob," she answered, with the wistful look that was now her habitual expression. "Yes, what is it?"

good thing if you and Alice went to Europe certainty made dumb. The boat was hauled | this spring, and spent a year abroad. She her in many ways."

Rose's heart sunk with heaviness. She ke this when and cried in agony: "Oh-h! Noblest and ply, then she said, gently: "If you wish it, cause the tariff restricts trade in man-

Jacob-if you think it best." "Yes," answered Jacob, misled by her quietness into thinking that she did not mind leaving him. "Yes, I think it would be a good thing for both of you. It would widen Alice's horizon in many ways by letting her see more of the world, and it would be a change and a relief to you to get away from here and all past associations." "It might be of good to Alice-yes," said

Rose, slowly. "And not to you?" "My only good is to be near you," an wered Rose, softly.

"What is that," answered Jacob, quickly. "Don't make polite speeches to mejust to please me, Rose." "I am only speaking the truth, Jacobyou know that"-gently still.

don't want to leave me! That you prefer to remain here where I am?" "Yes, Jacob." If he had not looked at her just then and seen the hopeless droop of her head, perhaps what happened would have never come to pass. But he did see it, and, kneeling ordinary jobber and vulgar corruptiondown in front of her chair, he put his two ist. What other man in the country hands on hers, and said, passionately:

"Rose, look at me! Here I am at your feet again, asking you if you-" "Oh, my husband!" cried Rose, while a sweeping wave of color made her face aglow with light; "you could never love me

"I have never stopped loving you, my darling," rising to his feet and clasping her est statesmanship and public jobbery close to his heart. "Why, Rose; why, my the chief among political virtues.-St.



you! Only I have been so hungry for your love, dear, and longed so to be in your arms

like this," smiling up at him through happy tears. "And now-"And now," laughed Jacob, "you will be here forever, won't you, my dear?" "I'd like to be, but when you send me away to Europe," said Rose, mischievously, 'I'll have to come out of them, I suppose. I'll let you go out of my sight now!" putting her away an instant and looking at her

older! A little silver mixed in among the gold-but you are more beautiful than you "May your eyesight be always as bad as it is now!" laughed Rose. Then suddenly raising his hand to her lips, she said, humoly: "Forgive me all the past-can you,

"No; love never forgives," putting her arms about his neck with a smile; "it only oves. Will that answer?" "Oh, my husband! I am not worthy of you-I am not worthy of you!"

"I hope, my husband, that he can," whispered Rose, softly.

There lives now at No. - Fifth avenue a

wickedness, he was there, staunch and true, us, and there is no better sermen ever

SUBSIDIES AND BLAINE.

Oespite His Astuteness the Plumed Knight

Has Over-Reached Himself. Every reader of Mr. James G. Blaine's published writings, more especially of his chef d'aurre, the Mulligan letters, knows that astuteness is his most characteristic quality, but there is further evidence of it in the way he attaches himself to Mr. Gladstone, in what is ostensibly an argument for a high protective tariff, but is really an appeal for money as subsidies, for favorite corporations-"pet" corporations, if we may borrow a phrase that was a favorite with | party could not carry him.-N. Y. Inde-Mr. Blaine in the last campaign. Every one of these pets has an anchor to be cast to the windward, and certainly no man in this country can do that work so delicately and skillfully as the one who room. Rose, always beautiful, dressed in a talked of suicide to Mulligan and afterwards rose in the House of Representaireamily looking of into space, thinking of tives to take the country into his confi- cle, is not one of infinite and complex

But, with all his astuteness, he overoften merely array assertion against asreaches and defeats himself. What is sertion, but it is one which involves this appeal for subsidy-for the purchase of trade by tax money, except a confession that high tariff taxation has failed on the vital point of producing trade? Mr. Blaine admitted as much in the last campaign when he argued that "the home market" was the only market for or commercial intercourse, as the

Now we are told that if we will spend as much in bounties for ocean trade as 'home market" we can have some other market besides the home market. It is the cry of the horse leech's daughter: "Give! give!!"-more and higher taxation to do what high taxes have undone. At an immense expense of public and private money we have built a system of He looked at her beautiful profile as she railroads in the home market to move to the seaboard the products the home market will not consume. Eighty per cont. of these are agricultural, and so the farmer pays a railroad tariff calculated to yield a good interest return on an almost incredible railroad capitalization. The Federal, State and county subsidies "What! Goupil's!" said Rose. "Oh, yes, to these railroads-and such subsidies reach in gross an inconceivable amount -do not in the least lighten the railroad tariff which is uniformly calculated on the capitalization.

This is a statement of fact, not a protest. The evils of the railroad tariffs will cure themselves, as they are unsup-

ported by law. But what is now proposed is that bearing this burden and the added burden of ocean tariff both ways, paying a heavy custom-house tariff tax on all purchases, the agricultural producers, who are almost the only exporters, shall proceed terfering hand of public authority cise some which are not sufficiently to pay export freight on manufactures in | reached everywhere. Over-taxation, ex- | used .- N. Y. Ledger. order to enable the protected manufacturer to send abroad what would break "I have been thinking that it would be a down prices if it were thrown on the general dry-rot under which the Second "home market."

No assurance, however brazen, short has never been across the water, and it of that which enabled Mr. Blaine to read | fines as over-government or an absorbwould perfect her in her French and helf in the House the damning proof of his own corruption, would have been ade- government, or Lincoln's government felt a lonely sense of desertion, that made quate for proposing this scheme of plunher think dully: "I wonder if Jacob felt der to a people so robbed as the people." High tariff, posing as protec-

I left him long ago? If so, 1 of the United States already are. We have no export trade of manu-It was some seconds before she could re factured goods worth mentioning, beufactures to the home market. When this is conclusively demonstrated the answer of these experts in public plunder is that more money must be paid to the favored class. We must pay freight for the manufacturer by giving public money to steamship companies, so that they can afford to carry to foreign markets American manufactures, which are there to be sold to foreigners cheaper than they are sold at home-as they must be as long as our market is closed and foreign markets open to free com-

This effrontery is so great that it makes Mr. Blaine almost admirable. He is a man of many sides in anchor cast-"Rose! Do you mean to say that you ing. It is hard to believe that a person of such assurance is the same man who cringed to Fisher, "almost went down on his knees" to Fisher's clerk, and writhed in the anguish of the humiliation of the first exposure that he was an man carries-that he constantly increases? Who else than James G. Blaine could take the world into his confidence and argue that where government is "a matter of favoritism," casting anchors to the windward is the high-Louis Republic.

FORAKER'S DISGRACE.

Even His Old Friend, the "Independent," It is painful to see a prominent public man like General Foraker, twice ---Failures among woolen manufact-Governor of the State of Ohio, occupy-

ing such a humiliating position as he vestigating committee. In the Guber- Lewiston Journal (Rep.). natorial campaign in Ohio last fall it was alleged that a certain paper was in existence, signed among others by J. E. Campbell, the Democratic candidate for lovernor, and purporting to be a contract to divide the financial profit involved in the furnishing of new ballotpoxes when a pending bill previding for such boxes should have passed and beome a law. Before the compaign closed it was known that the alleged signatures to the contract were forgeries. A Congressional committee is now investigating the matter, two of wife, did you think so?" kissing hair and the members of the House, Messrs. Butbrow and lips. "My wife, did you think so?" terworth and McKinley, and Senator "Of course, Jacob, and I could not blame | Sherman being among those involved. General Foraker was one of the witnesses. His testimony shows that he heard soon after he was nominated that such a paper was in existence; that he tried to get possession of it; that he entered into an agreement with one Wood. by which he was to recommend the latter for a certain municipal appointment "You humbug! You know better; as if on condition that Wood secured the paper for him; that finally Wood got the fondly. "Ah! my wife! You are a little recommendation; that Wood professed to to be.—Chicago Herald. get the paper of John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Inquirer, through the latter's secretary; that when Foraker read the paper he was surprised to find the name Messrs. Campbell, McKinley, Butter- received an answer from the Lord, but not see how he could use it. He testi St. Louis Chronicle. "Hush, dearest; do not say that. If father fies that Halstead said that he could use -Governor Campbell in a recent could only see us now how happy he would it with Campbell's signature simply, letter said: "The tariff will be an issue ject lesson, in a speech in Music Hall, | question right off and keep it up."

Cincinnati. With its help he felt that he was making a brilliant campaign. He says that while he believed the paper and signatures genuine at the time. he now sees that he was too easily deceived, and feels humiliated. He may well feel humiliated. He ought to have known that it was impossible that some of the men implicated could have signed such a paper; but evidently he was too willing to advance his own political fortunes to care who suffered. Of course he can not expect any political preferment whatever hereafter. His own a life of leisure and a life of laziness pendent (Rep.).

ABOUT PATERNALISM.

Why the Policy of Protection Is Out of Place in This Country. The question of a protective tariff, as Mr. Gladstone shows in his recent arti-

details only, into which experts alone

can hopefully enter, and in which they

great principles of government. Its chief principle is foreign to the American doctrine of liberty, because, as its name implies, it is paternalism. Protection is paternalism applied to trade various degrees of despotic administration in other countries are paternalism in the sphere of politics. The public we have spent for railroads in the authority which regulates individual freedom in travel, in residence, in public meeting and debate, in speaking, in writing, and in voting, is akin to that which restricts the same freedom good-will are very far from being the in buying and selling. It is indeed an surest marks of it. authority which, under the plea of the lish his personal rule in France, called stimulate the whole commonwealth and himself the savior of society, which is the whole civilized world .- Dean Stanthe ancient plea of despotism.

> John M. Forbes, who until recently was must have observed that. They are not one of the strongest and most liberal troubled for lack of time, for they make and efficient Republican leaders in New the most of the minutes by working in England. But upon the question of a cool, clear, orderly, and methodical protection as in itself a good and wise fashion, finishing each task properly, policy he has parted with the party. and not wasting their nervous force on He cited the course of events in France | trifles or expending it in bustle. They under the two empires, which ended in never complain of overwork. They are fearful disaster for the French people. more likely to be hunting up new work Every omnibus wheel and post horse to do, in order to give their faculties wore the government badge. The in- more varied employment and to exertravagance, corruption, jobbery, and all forms of tyranny and injustice, and the Empire crumbled, were due to the spirit A Characteristic Story of the Early Days of paternalism, which Mr. Forbes deing centralization, as opposed to local "of the people, by the people, for the corruption and jobbery, necessarily tends to a reaction in which the laborer will be the sufferer. Moreover, he ar- are brothers, Quincy Robison. gues, it is the precursor of socialism or communism; if the interests of trade may be properly protected by governand industries, those other interests day and its dull care. As naturally hap-Bellamy's Look Backward will be shown

to be merely a Look Forward. This is the philosophy of protection. It is a form of paternalism, and therefore it is not agreeable to what we may call Americanism, in which Mr. Forbes has great confidence. Whatever may gree and under certain circumstances permissible or desirable, yet the ten- told by Mr. Robison, was as follows: dency to convert a medicine or a stimulant into daily food or drink must be jealously watched. He finds comfort in Lincoln's shrewd saying: "You may fool some of the people all the time, and time," and from Burke's famous senliberties but under some delusion." The paternal aspect of protection is well schedules.-Harper's Weekly.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

-The tariff-reform procession is getting to be so strong as to threaten the breaking down the breastworks of monopoly in more than one place. - Boston Herald.

urers and commission merchants have been one of the most striking features occupied before the Congressional in- of the business results of the year .--The "campaign of education" is receiving a great deal of ammunition

nowadays from the demands of the subsidy hunters before the ways and means committee.—Boston Herald.

-Pinkerton warriors are knocking out the teeth of protected miners in had not been accepted went round the Pennsylvania. Where there is so little food, however, the poor miners will not need their teeth.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

---Ex-Fire-Alarm Foraker isn't as breezy as a plain witness before a Congressional investigating committee as he was when he offered to march to zen of Bogota, in the republic of San Washington to retake the old flags .-Philadelphia Times.

-Every body is going to Washington for protection-the iron men, the wool men, the leather men, the sugar men, the lumber men, the salt men and the representative of every other industry protected and that wants to be. About the only exception is Dudley, the blocks of-five man, who is already as highly protected by Harrison, Edmunds paper and the Governor gave him his and other big Republicans as he needs

-Mr. Rockefeller, the gentleman who declared that his income was so great that he had to go down on his knees and beseech Divine guidance as to of Senator Sherman, as well as those of the best way of spending it, has not yet worth and others attached. Subsequent- in the meantime he is running half a ly he showed the paper to Mr. Murat dozen first-class trusts, and in another Halstead, telling him that he had got | year he will be able to pay off the Namore than he had bargained for, and did | tional debt-if the spirit moves him .-

Campbell being the only man named in every election until one of the two before the people, and it being a public parties keeps its pledges of reducing duty to keep such a man from being tariff taxes. The late election in Ohio Governor of the State. The document | was carried on the issue of tariff reform. was published in Halstead's paper, the We propose to make the Congressional Cincinnati Commercial - Gazette, with fight on the same issue next fall. In Campbell's signature only. Before the 1891, just a year prior to the Presidential close of the campaign the Gazette re- election, there is another Gubernatorial racted and declared the paper a forgery. election. That will be fought on the Meantime, however, Foraker had used issue of tariff reform. We should comthe paper, with a ballot-box as an ob- mence an educational campaign on this

PITH AND POINT.

-Riches sometimes fail to bring popularity. It's not always the man with the fattest roll who sets 'em up the oftenest.

-Philadelphia Enquirer. -Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is

doubtful if they ever get out. -Leisure is time for doing something useful: the leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never; so that are two things.-Franklin.

-The doctor who cuts a man open

after death and tells what is the matter with him has the advantage of the doctor who is compeled to guess what is the matter with the patient before death .-Atchison Globe. -The value of what many a man says depends upon what he has said pre-

viously. He has earned the right to speak with authority, and people listen to him as one of that character.-United Presbyterian. -The tendency all around us, and seemingly a growing tendency, is to give as few hours as possible to the requirements of one's calling in life. The

outcome is the working of manifold mischief .- Watchman. -In one of his writings George Washington said that a slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of

-Each one of us is bound to make the public good, tends to absorb every func- little circle in which he lives better and tion, and instead of exercising only the happier; each of us is bound to see that power which is expressly given to it, out of that small circle the widest good assumes that the individual may exer- may flow; each of us may have fixed in cise only such freedom as it may permit. his mind the thought thatout of a single Louis Napoleon, in the effort to estab- household may flow influences that shall

This general view was admirably and - The men who accomplished the most forcibly stated at the late dinner of the never seem in a hurry, no matter how Tariff Reform League in Boston by Mr. much they have to do. Every body

FOUR ROBISONS SIGHED.

in the Oil Country. Grouped around a table in a wellknown Fifth avenue restaurant were Samuel D. Robison, of Titusville, who has followed the developments since Charles W. Robison, Assemblyman from Allegheny, and the uncle of the three gentlemen just named, who, by the way

It was the first time the quartette had met for years, and good cheer and fellowship reigned supreme, while wit's ment at the expense of other interests electric flame dispeled thoughts of the may in turn, and logically, be equally pens to friends who have not met for protected by government, until Mr. years, they were in a reminiscent mood, and Quincy Robison related an incident of the early history of the oil regions which may give the children of the present generation a vague idea of the magnitude of the transactions which took place when oil was \$8 and \$9 a barrel, and poor people gained a competency by have seemed to American enlighten, scooping it off the surface of creeks, or ment and common sense in a certain de- gathered it from pools around the tanks which had overflowed. The story, as

"Within a month after Colonel Drake

had struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a all of the people some of the time, but | tract of land comprising 1,280 acres, adcould carry so well the load that this you can not fool all the people all the joining the farm on which the Drake well was located, for \$350,000. Not long tence: "The people never give up their afterward I was sitting in their office one day-I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterdayworthy universal attention, apart from when an agent for an Eastern syndicate the contested details of the tariff walked in and offered \$500,000 for the 1,280 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak he had counted out on the table \$500,000 in cash and drafts, which he offered for a deed of the tract. I was appalled by the sight of the pile, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation and decided that if the property was worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land, and now it is valued at about \$20,000. Where they could have gotten dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fairy stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensible to the present generation, but they were red-hot facts."

And a sigh of regret that the offer circle.-Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE OLDEST MAN.

A South American Methuselah Who Is Nine Score Years of Age. The oldest man in the world is a citi-

This new Methuselah declares that he is 180 years old, and it would seem he flatters himself, for his neighbors give the assurance that he is older than he says he is. He is a half-breed, named Michael

Solis, whose existence was revealed to Dr. Louis Hernandez by one of the oldest planters in the locality, who as a child knew Solis as a centurian. They have found in the year 1712 his signature among those of persons who contributed to the building of a Fran-

ciscan convent which exists near San His skin is like parchment, his long hair of the whiteness of snew envelops his head like a turban, and his look is so keen that it made a disagreeable -im-

pression on the doctor. Interrogated by the doctor, he answered complaisantly that his great age was due to his regular mode of living and to his never giving up to any excess of any sort whatever.

"I never eat but once a day," said he "but I never use any but the strongest and most nourishing foods. My meals last a half hour, for I believe it is impossible to eat more in that time than the body can digest in twenty-four hours. I fast the first and fifteenth day day of each month, and on those days I drink as much water as I can bear. I always let my food become cold before I touch it. It is to these things that I attribute my great age."-Quebec Union Liberale